

The St. Joseph's Collegian, Rensselaer, Indiana.

VOL. X.

NOVEMBER, 1903.

No. 2.

All Saints.

BEHOLD! the brilliant wave 'round Heaven's throne
With glitt'ring beauties gorgeously o'er cast,
Like beams at noon on ocean vast,
That has from age to age increasing grown:
With purest gems from each far earthly zone;
With jewels blest from thorny crowns amassed;
With lustrous pearls of whiteness unsurpassed;
Each soul untainted to her Maker flown.

The triumphant victors in terrestrial strife.

Their unstained souls with holy courage rare:
Their temples chaste with faith's resplendence rife;
With fires of love, with stars of hope all fair.
Their reward, the mansions of eternal life,
And sweet celestial joys of evil bare.

VICTOR W. MEAGHER, '06.

Prospero.

THE TEMPEST occupies an unique position among the plays of Shakespeare. The great dramatist seldom embodied the images existing in his imagination into other types than the human.

Midsommer Night's Dream abounds in faries and elves; in other plays we find ghosts, in others again "strange spirits" and "tricky sprites": but these beings seldom possess individuality, they never exhibit different characteristics than those common to the species of the supernatural to which they belong. Fairies had long existed in the folk lore of all nations, they constituted the remainder of the old mythological legends; monsters were attributed to every dark forest or mountain recess; unexplored regions were the rendezvous of all sorts of goblins and imaginary ministers of evil. Discoverers of new lands gained the ear of the public with stirring accounts of narrow escapes from monsters with dire shapes and malignant natures. Spencer drew them, Milton pictured Sin and Death, but it remained for the imagination of Shakespeare to conceive a beastly yet intellectually gifted Caliban, or such an exquisitely delicate, aerial being as Ariel. Not one of Shakespeare's plays is so soothing, so intrinsically beautiful, so chaste, so uniform and yet so diversified in its parts, so dignified and grave in its conception as *The Tempest*. It is true to the unities, true to the intellectuality of the mind; it is inherently supernatural yet sensibly natural; it is simple and yet wrapped in a gorgeous, mottled imagery. It has a rythm of its own, that of the music of nature in her simplicity. It is heard in the unguiled speech of Miranda, the wise sayings of Prospero, in the songs of

Ariel, in the rough curses and descriptive measures of Caliban; it expresses the energy of the youthful spring-time earth, the peace of the quiet summer day, the lustiness of autumn sunshine, and the roar of the winter tempest.

The Tempest is the pure crystal of Shakespeare's imagination, cut and polished by his keen wit and unfailing reason, and set in his wisdom, reflecting in myriad hues the diversity and vivacity of his genius.

The characters of *The Tempest* are most varied. They range from the spirit of the air, Ariel, through Prospero, Miranda, Gonzalo, Antonio, Stephano, Trinculo to Caliban, the spirit of the earth; but Prospero is the controlling figure and main character of the drama. He is the director of the grand symphony that is heard in the air of the barren island.

There is perhaps no character in all the Shakespearean literature that shows the dignity of the human soul as does the creation of Prospero. His being is clearly drawn, precisely defined, and in the most perfect harmony with the other representative persons of the drama. Prospero is a duke, a wronged man, a victim of misplaced trust, a man thrust from his princely possessions and banished from his country; he is a man of knowledge and of natural and acquired wisdom, who has devoted his entire lifetime to the "bettering of his mind"; he is a father, a master, a commander, a magician, a brother, an exile. He is in the decline of years humble, virtuous and knowing of self.

The predominating characteristics of Prospero, however, are his magic or supernatural powers, his actions as a father, his bearing as a man of the most refined culture, and his unconscious dignity. Before the time of Shakespeare, and even to this day, the world has been accustomed to associate something of the mysterious and awful with the term magician. He is in the main

pictured to us as a weazen form with a predominance of the dark and uncanny. That this is the result of imagination need not be enlarged upon.

Prospero's magic lore is one of his most noble attainments, the result of that untiring application which was the indirect cause of his woe. With its aid he performs one of the most noble acts that the human soul is capable of performing, that of forgiveness. His magic is not that of the Arabian literature, producing results with the aid of demons and spirits of the nether world, nor does it employ the forces of the spiritual kingdom above. His magic engages beings of Shakespeare's creation, they are formed of air and are beings of the earth, but not human. The beauty and superior quality of Prospero's magic is shown by the conversation of Prospero and Ariel, in which Prospero's art is agreeably and artfully contrasted with that of the witch Sycorax. Prospero enumerates her "grand hests" especially those relating to Ariel himself.

"This damn'd witch Sycorax,
For mischiefs manifold and sorceries terrible
To enter human hearing."

Her missions were "too earthly" and abhorrent for the delicate Ariel, but Prospero's commands he respects and fulfills with the greatest alacrity and delight.

"All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding task
Ariel and all his quality."

"Thy thoughts I cleave to: what's thy pleasure?"

Ariel, it is true, makes a show of reluctance at times and in the first act sorrowfully complains, but this does not proceed from a hatred of Prospero's magic, nor of his person, but rather from the fact that he is a being of the air, and that these actions "give him pains."

But still his actions are not all performed for the sole purpose of obtaining freedom, he also loves Prospero as we see from his anxious and sincere

“Do you love me, master?”

Prospero's magic is much more potent than that of Sycorax; it is that of superior genius united with wisdom and reason, and tempered by the dignity of the human soul. Caliban does not see this, but Ariel does. His magic is that of learning; it is the fruit of study and application, and is culled in entirety from his books. It employs only pure spirits, of which Ariel is the prince and paragon. His magic is a mystery to all the characters of the play. To Miranda it is “a power,” to Ariel, Prospero is a “potent master” and a “charmer.” Caliban says :

“I am subject to a tyrant,
A Sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me
Of the island.”

“His art is of such power,
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.”

To all the rest it is an “enchantment” that they do not understand. Prospero's own speech preceding the abjuration of his rough magic, does not reveal the power of his control over the hidden forces with which he executes his designs. The “elves and sprites and demi-puppets” are but his instruments; weak in themselves they are united by the “so potent art” of Prospero. We have no clue to this power of Prospero, we can only observe its effects; the source itself remains hidden, unless we seek it in the allegorical interpretation which many have suggested, and which is probable but not likely.

Prospero's art is only employed in the good which is the serving of “his purpose.” His art causes the meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda, but from his own

speech we can infer that it does not cause their "exchange of eyes." Prospero's art cannot search the hearts and minds of men, but with the help of Ariel and by his wisdom he can judge their exterior actions and thus closely enter into their interior thoughts. A fine thread of imagination is webbed about the conspiracy of Antonio and Sebastian. There is hardly a shade of understanding between the two at first, but as Prospero knows their interior, both from the actions of their past life and from their present scoffing manner, he casts them an opportunity of executing their plans of conspiracy under his very eyes through the mediation of Ariel. That Sebastian and Antonio's intended criminal deed is frustrated in the very moment of its inception is the result of a device of Prospero to show them their atrocity later by sending Ariel to them in the form of a harpy to admonish and excite in them a repentance for their misdeeds, and thus to render them worthy of his forgiveness; the sole aim of *The Tempest* and of Prospero being to make his enemies worthy of forgiveness.

"They being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further."

In Prospero the characteristics of the father are always manifest. Prospero is a father in the true sense of the word; he teaches Miranda in virtues and wisdom, he trains her in mind and body with the help of abilities and knowledge that few teachers possess. To him Miranda is really a daughter.

"Of thee, my dear one, thee, my daughter."
Proud as a father can be, he says of her,
"I have given you here a thrif of mine own life
Or that for which I live."——
"O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise
And make it halt behind her."

The satisfaction that he finds in being her tutor, he expresses in these words :

“And here
Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
Than other princes can that have more time
For vainer hours and tutors not so careful?”

To Miranda he always speaks with that softness and warmth of language that bespeaks the love of the father to the daughter. Our hearts are touched with the harshness of the loving father when he chides his “cherubim” pleading for Ferdinand, because we know that it causes more pain in the bosom of the father to give vent to such words than it causes the love-enraptured daughter. Prospero lives for his daughter alone, and though he may have some interest in the recovering of his dukedom, yet his greater interest lies in providing for his daughter.

“No harm
I have done nothing but in care of thee.”
“O a cherubim,
Thou wast that did preserve me!”

No joy equals that of Prospero when he sees the affiancing of Ferdinand and Miranda; the gladdened father whispers to himself :

“So glad of this as they I cannot be,
Who are surprised withal; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more.”

Prospero is also a master, he commands both Ariel and Caliban; Ariel, “his brave spirit,” and Caliban, “his slave, who never yields him kind answer.” Both are controlled by his magic power, but the force that controls Ariel is clothed in love and spiritual benignity; that which controls Caliban is a physical force. Prospero loves Ariel, but his love for him is of a far different nature than his love for Miranda; it is the love of a

creature other than human to whom he owes gratitude for services valuable performed.

Setting aside the quality of mercy in Prospero, his reason and grave wisdom are most noble qualities; he performs no action, undertakes nothing, unless it be under the guidance of his reason, which holds all up to the light of his wisdom. All his passions have succumbed to it, it confines all his emotions within his own breast, seldom permitting them to bear a marked external sign. In him the body is entirely subservient to the soul, as all else in this strange creation is obedient to his own magic wand. The anger that disturbs him in the fourth act, is a very unusual occurrence, as Miranda testifies,

"Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distempered."

But the quiet of his mind is soon restored; his reason comes to his aid, he knows his irregularity, it rebels against his better self and he acknowledges it to Ferdinand, thus conquering it.

"Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled;
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity!"

His anger is in reality no passion, it is the sense of justice that awakens in him, and is caused as well by the savages of civilized life, Stephano and Triunculo, as by the savage of the wild forest, Caliban, whose "mind, he knows, has cankered with age."

The prime quality that makes Prospero's nature dear to us is that of mercy and forgiveness, and this is what actuates the being of Prospero during the entire course of the dramatic action. To know the grandeur of Prospero's act of forgiveness it is necessary to examine intently into his wrongs, to know his "rights to take eye for eye," if ever there existed such a right, and the most

potent means at his command, by whose agency he might have inflicted a most exacting vengeance on his enemies.

During the entire play Prospero is conscious of the fact that he must meet his enemies on the level with, and with the weak powers of a human being, and that he in his better self must speak the word of forgiveness. In the first act we are shocked with the perfidy of a brother against a brother who "for the liberal arts was without a parallel," who in brotherly love and trust had given the government of his dukedom into his hands. We see the traitor trust the rightful governor "of Milan from Milan"; he is sent out upon the open sea with his own daughter to become the prey of fate. How touching is Prospero's account of the journey to the desert island, when even the sea and winds injured them in trying to do them good.

"There they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds whose pity sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong."

Though Prospero's life had been given to the "betterment of his mind, neglecting all worldly ends," yet we can see from his own speech that his brother's deeds have made deep wounds in his feelings.

"He whom of all the world I lov'd"

had become

"The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't."

When in the third act Gonzalo says of the harpies that make their appearance to the group of courtiers,

"Their manners are more gentle—kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any."

Prospero in the background answers,

“Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.”

Prospero looked forward to the moment of forgiveness with a heavy heart, because he saw not yet the repentance of his enemies. Not until Ariel appears to him and reports the actions of the malefactors, does his disturbed manner give way to peace and a show of mercy.

Ar. “That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit?

Ar. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.
Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art?
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
quick,
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury
Do I take part: the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.”

Now we see plainly what has been Prospero's aim in afflicting his enemies, that “they be penitent”; his object is to make them worthy of his forgiveness and they being so, the heaviness of forgiving vanishes as a mist. These words of the grand old man are as grand as the subsequent abjuration of his “rough magic.” The scene that follows is truly touching—the meeting of Gonzalo, the loyal subject, the wise man by nature,

and Prospero, the master and wise man through culture, both in tears.

“Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes ever sociable to thine,
Fall fellowly drops.”

Prospero joys at seeing that “their understanding begins to swell.” Then with overflowing heart, Prospero discovers himself, forgives all, even him “whom to call brother would even infect his mouth, he forgives his rankest fault.” Even Caliban, who in basest ingratitude, so like that of Prospero’s brother, Antonio, had sought his life, is forgiven. Prospero’s mercy is complete and his pardon a lasting one.

“There, sir, stop:
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
A heaviness that’s gone.”

In Prospero we find the same finish and delicacy of workmanship that we know to exist in Lear and Hamlet. And as in these characters there is a certain vein of pensiveness that shows itself in all their actions, so also in Prospero. In him it is the effect of his nervous and cautious old age and deep intellectuality.

In studying Prospero we begin by looking upon him as a magician, expecting much of the vulgar; then we see the great magician of sedate wisdom and potent learning; after the abjuration, the man, then the forgiving duke and brother, and only after the words,

“And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.”

do we entirely comprehend the sublime dignity of the soul that directed the magic wand in *The Tempest*. Prospero is the graphic representation of the oft-quoted and expressive epithet “Know thyself.”

IGNATIUS A. WAGNER, '94.

The Violet and the Thistle.

A VIOLET grew in the corner of the yard. It was blue, and delicate, and very proud. Beside it grew a large thistle, which had become tall and dense with age. The little violet did not like the thistle, because it hid her beauty; so she said: "You mean thing, to stand right in front of me, and not let the farmer see me when he passes." But the thistle disdainfully nodded his head in the breeze and then stood straight.

One afternoon a dreadful storm arose. The wind blew, and the rain fell in torrents. But the strong thistle only bent and swayed in the wind. The little violet thus escaped the storm, but instead of being thankful, she was haughty and angry, and wept bitterly. So when the storm had passed she was refreshed, but not the less disheartened.

One day the farmer came along with his scythe and cut down the thistle, and was just about to cut the lovely violet, too, when it caught his eye. "Ah, what a fine little flower," he said; "I will take it to the garden," and he took it up and carried it away.

The little violet was planted in a conspicuous place near the path in which the farmer's wife and children walked every day. Now she was in glory, for everyone could see her beauty. No mean thistle was around to hide her from sight. But one day another storm came, fiercer and stronger than before. The cruel wind tossed her about and broke her tender arms, and then a mighty gust deprived her of her fair head.

Then in her dying moments she lamented her vanity and cried in despair: "Where is my friend? Why is he not by to protect me? Alas, I am undone!" With these words she withered and died in the sunlight.

Moral: Do not despise little favors, no matter by whom given, for some day they may prove helpful.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.



October.

THE cold wind blows beneath the boughs,
And shrill the matin song,
Of swift greycoats and mellow throats,
With us the whole day long.

The violets blue, in modest hue,
Are dying in the fields;
The tasselled corn, all quite forlorn,
Now to the reaper yields.

The frosty air and breezes fair,
Are scattering leaves around;
The trees' broad heads with leafy beds
Are carpeting the ground.

And now for fall the golden pall,
With winter coming nigh,
Those days so sweet we shall not meet
Till weary months go by.

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.

Perseverance.

THE record of man's life presents a continual striving for that cherished issue which we call success.

This magic word means riches or honors for the one; title or fame for the other. Success in any calling never demanded more incessant toil than at present. Many there are, it is true, that hope to reach the mark by daring leaps and bounds, but they usually fail in spite of the heroic efforts which they make from time to time. The surest, and in fact, the only road to success is trodden by those who, imbued with a true spirit of unswerving steadfastness, strive with never-failing energy to bring their enterprise to a favorable issue. The secret of men who have met with success is perseverance. This glorious quality, which is so essential to success, is that spirit of firmness and tenacity of purpose, which overcomes all difficulties.

The most astounding evidence of its presence we detect in the great hero, Napoleon, who spoke these remarkable words to one of his generals: "There is nothing impossible for men to undertake; obstacles must be overcome by wearing them out." How faithfully Napoleon adhered to his purpose is proven by his own career. The intrepid and dauntless spirit of our early American colonists in their dreadful struggle of repelling the English and wresting from them their glorious independence is another testimony to the power of perseverance.

A firm resistance that never yields to obstacles or despondency, implies the necessity of constant labor. When we look at the vast acquisitions of some men, and the marvelous achievements of others, we are apt to think that such persons enjoy an immunity from the general law. An examination, however, into the pri-

vate lives of these will reveal that, without exception, they have been hard workers, toiling laboriously and incessantly. If they surpassed other men, it was because they took more pains. We know of Milton that he recast a line seven times until it pleased his poetic fancy. The choice diction and harmony of style which we admire in Ruskin were not natural, but acquired. He bestowed infinite pains upon all his writings, filing and polishing them repeatedly before sending the manuscript to the publisher.

Most of the great inventions that are the pride of the human race were not the result of accident, but of persistent industry. The great inventors, as a rule, were conspicuous for their heroic spirit of application and perseverance. It was by continually having the subject before his mind, that Newton gradually succeeded in discovering the mechanism of the heavens. Morse, Watt and Edison, and a host of others astonished the world with their wonderful inventions, because having heart and soul constantly engaged in their work, they were ever ready to grasp such opportunities as might prove advantageous to their undertaking. Stephenson, when addressing young men, generally summed up the best advice to them in a few words: "Do as I have done: persevere."

Failures in life are often attributed to feebleness of will, which is indicated by a lack of persistency. The difference between the successful and the unsuccessful man is energy, invincible determination, guided by an intense desire to transform possibilities into realities. "Give me a standing place," Archimedes said, "and I will move the world." Few think of the patient labor and long training undergone by those who attain to eminence in the various professions. The graceful ease, the perfect mastery of difficulties by the artist, the orator, and the musician especially, have been acquired only

by difficult and persistent practice, which was made possible by an iron will. Hence the oft-quoted maxim: "Where there is a will, there is a way." Discouragements that would crush the feeble-willed, stimulate the strong-willed man to greater efforts.

"To resolve upon attainments is often attainment itself," says an ancient philosopher. Our wishes are but the prophecies of the things we are capable of performing; while on the other hand the timid and inconsistent man finds everything impossible because he believes it to be so. It is said that when John C. Calhoun was in Yale College, he was ridiculed by his fellow students for his intense application to study. "I am forced to make the best of my time," Calhoun replied, "for I am convinced of my ability to reach the national capital as a representative within the next three years." It depends not so much, therefore, upon the profusion of man's natural gifts, than upon his earnest application and perseverance in the struggle for success. No one has ever become a master without going through a long and strenuous apprenticeship. He who follows the line of least resistance, accomplishes little.

If we wish to imitate the example of those men who have risen above their fellows in high achievements, we must endeavor to resemble them likewise in their untiring efforts. Any latent talent may be brought to the surface by strenuous labor and diligence. Perseverance will render all things possible, and even convert obstacles into stepping stones to success. It is this noble spirit which characterizes the earnest, the whole man, the man who, having an honest purpose once fixed, never shrinks, but fight his way to distinction regardless of all barriers.

Students, above all, are most in need of the virtue of perseverance; to them more than to others its absence means failure, its possession, success.

MAURICE E. EHLENGER, '06.

A Debate,*

Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment of the Constitution of the United States Should be Repealed.

FEW questions have ever held a nation in greater suspense, or occupied the public mind more deeply than the race problem. Never in the history of mankind have such radical social and economical changes been made in the policy of a nation as have been effected in our country within the last fifty-five years. Four and a half million slaves were transformed into free people, now double that number. The negro, thirty-five years ago, the bounden slave of the white man, today stands on a level with his former master, enjoying every privilege of a free and independent people. The question now arises, Shall the fifteenth amendment of the Constitution of the United States be repealed? In other words, shall the negro be deprived of the first right of an American citizen—the right of suffrage? I answer with an emphatic No! and shall endeavor to justify my position by conclusive arguments.

I maintain that the fifteenth amendment was and is a necessity. After the Civil War, it is true, the negro was liberated. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, one of the noblest decrees ever issued by mortal ruler, confirmed by the death of three hundred and sixty thousand of America's noblest sons, indeed severed the bonds of slavery. But the most difficult question which confronted Congress when it came to settle the status of the seceding States was the condition of the newly liberated colored people. To set them free and leave them

* Oration delivered October 21st, in favor of the negative.

without the means of protection in their civil and political rights, seemed unjust to the negro and unsafe to the nation. Every candid man will acknowledge that it was subjecting our system of government to a severe trial when we admitted the negro into citizenship; but there was no other choice; we had to apply the principle that every freeman bound by the law has a voice in making the law: or else we had to say to the monarchies of Europe that their form of government was right and ours wrong; that it would not do to permit all subjects to participate in the government, that some limitations and exclusions must be made; and that the man who could not be trusted was he who had a black skin. This principle was absurd, and is as absurd today as it was then. Hence the fifteenth amendment was passed.

My friends, our great leaders of 1860 foresaw that freedom without the right of suffrage would be slavery in all but the name. They understood that liberty alone was not enough, but that the ballot was necessary to confirm the freedom purchased by the blood of three hundred and sixty thousand heroes.

Deliverance having come, they were determined to compensate in a measure for the wrongs our country had done to a hard-stricken race during the past two centuries. A noble act, my friends, the noblest ever recorded in the pages of history. To raise a people, degraded to the level of a beast, into the sphere of civilization with equality of rights, is an accomplishment of which we may justly be proud. And shall we sully the glory of our forefathers? Shall we deny a privilege to our fellow-men which we ourselves would protect with our very life? No! God forbid! It would be the initial step to the ruin of our nation. Deprive the negro of the ballot and he becomes a slave of a worse kind than he ever was before. He will still remain a citizen over whom no law has power, for it is a principle

of our Constitution that he who is subject to the law has a voice in making the law.

The negroes having been granted the right of suffrage, have since, indeed, made wonderful progress. Will my honorable opponent, perhaps, assert that their condition today is worse than during slavery? In the South there are negro teachers, editors, lawyers, doctors, preachers, working in peace and multiplying with the increasing ability of their race. Statistics show that in the State of Virginia alone in 1898 the negro owned over a million acres of land, paying a tax of sixty thousand dollars. And when we consider that thirty-five years ago he was a slave, who owned no property whatever, must we not concede that he has even accomplished more than could be expected?

The negro, however, has not only acquired land and property, but he has also improved mentally and morally. To say that he was morally better during slavery is about the same as to assert that the seventeen hundred prisoners in the State Prison at Columbus are the most righteous seventeen hundred people in that city. Slavery was an unnatural state of life like the prison, and that crimes were committed no one will deny.

Perhaps the worst feature of slavery was that it prevented the development of family life. The negro had no home, and everyone knows that a home is the prime essential for the development of intellectual and moral life. Conjugal relations were neither sanctified by religion nor ratified by law; rather were they at the mercy of auctioneers. When slavery was abolished, the negro found himself without a relative. Family ties were broken; in fact, there never existed any. "For the sake of illustration," says Booker Washington, president of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial School, "I know not who my father was; I have no idea who my grandmother was; I have, or had, uncles, aunts and cousins, but I have no idea where they now are."

When these conditions of the past are considered and compared with the present, I think the white South, the North and the negro are to be congratulated on the fact that conditions are not worse, but that they are as encouraging as they are.

In estimating the progress of a race, we should not only consider the degrees of progress actually attained, but also the obstacles overcome. Judging from the obstacles overcome, must we not concede that few races, if any, in the history of mankind have made progress commensurate with that of the colored people in the United States in the same length of time? It takes centuries for other nations to rise, while the negro is expected to spring into prominence in the short space of thirty-five years.

Again, it is hardly proper in summing up the worth of any race, to dwell almost exclusively upon its weaker side, as my honorable opponent has done. As other men are judged, so let the negro be judged; not by the worst, but by the best his race can produce.

"Keep the searchlight constantly focused on the criminal, the worthless element of a people, and few among all races can be counted successful." More attention should be directed to individuals who have succeeded, and less to those who have failed. And negroes who have succeeded admirably can be found most everywhere.

Hence we must not judge the negro too soon. As he secures a home and learns the lessons of industry and thrift, his moral and intellectual conditions improve. This fact is shown from the many examples of rich and prosperous negroes.

My worthy opponent would convince you of the predominance of immorality and depravity among the colored people from the fact that lynching is the order of the day. I admit that the outrage has become quite

common, and that the negro is in most cases the victim. But why so? Because the black man does not receive justice. Under no circumstances have the people a right to take the law into their own hands.

Trial by jury is the white man's cry when he has committed a crime, and if he is convicted in the lower courts, he appeals. But hardly has a negro committed a crime, or even been accused of such, he is hurried out and hung to the nearest tree, or burned at the stake. He receives no hearing before court; the lawyer will not plead his case, and he is condemned without trial and I venture to say, often without justice. The negro may commit murder or other nameless crimes, but does not the white man commit the same crimes? The former is at the mercy of the mob, while the latter is protected and shielded whenever possible.

My friends, prejudice is at the bottom of every such procedure. Were it not for the black man's skin there would be few lynchings. Mobs are formed not to avenge crime but to take revenge on the negro because of his color. The crime of the executioners is, after all, as great as that of the perpetrator. Indeed, the mob and its mode of execution is a disgrace and a blot on the character of our nation that can never be effaced. Now, in view of what I have said, I maintain that the ballot is the only means by which the negro can properly protect himself. Deprive him of this privilege, and you sap him of his very life's blood.

Another phase of negro suffrage is presented from the fact that, according to our constitution and principles of government, the negro has a moral right to the ballot. No privilege, whether moral or political, can be justly accorded to one man or set of men and denied to another man or set of men. "Liberty and equality" is our national cry. But how can equality exist without the right of suffrage? "Home of the happy, the brave

and the free!" How is freedom possible without the means of protecting it?

My friends, we are standing on the broad platform of the Declaration of Independence, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by the Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We maintain furthermore that these rights are not given by law; are not given by the constitution; but that they are given by God to every man born into this world.

My friends, how glorious this principle compared with the inhuman—I may say heathenish—appeal to the prejudice of race against race! The endeavor to excite the strong against the weak, the endeavor further to deprive the weak of their means of protection against the strong!

Take the doctrine that the governed shall have a voice in making the law away from this country, and you destroy the characteristic principle of our nation, our republican form of government will be changed into a monarchy. Shall this be done? Shall the blood of the heroes of 1860 be shed in vain? Shall Shiloh, Gettysburg and Antietam be battles fought in vain? I read your answer, no! Heaven forbid! Then in the name of God, Justice and Right, let the fifteenth amendment stand; let the negro enjoy the right of suffrage that we cherish above all, and which we would defend with our very life's blood.

My friends, the American maxim that all freemen bound by the law have a voice in making the law, is either a truth or a lie. If a truth, let the negro enjoy the right of suffrage; if a lie, then change our form of government. If the negro is not worthy of the ballot, why not leave him in slavery? Why grant him freedom? But no; a man is a man, no matter what his color; and he is entitled to be treated like a man, and

to enjoy the rights, privileges and immunities of a government that professes to be founded on the principle that all men are born equal.

Now, I would ask my honorable opponent one question: While the ballot will do the negro good, can that right granted him do us any harm? He contends that the negro is not able to make proper use of the ballot, that he is too ignorant and uncultured; hence he would deprive him of the right. I answer, then deprive every incompetent ignoramus, of whom there are many whites, of the rights of suffrage.

We must educate the negro like we ourselves have been educated. And, after all, education is the only proper solution of the race question, as it confronts us today. That he can be educated there is no question. Exclusion from the right of suffrage will not better the condition of the negro. And because John can not make proper use of the Greek grammar, does his professor take it away from him? If it only were so. But we all experience the contrary. Thus it is with the negro; do not deprive him of a right because he can not at once make the best use of it, but educate him, make him appreciate the privilege he possesses. Let him enjoy the right of suffrage for the length of time that he has been deprived of it, and then let us judge.

Now, honorable judges, the negro's right having been considered, the scope of my argument is clear. I contend that the fifteenth amendment was and is a necessity; that the negro has improved by virtue of the right of suffrage; that he has a moral right to the ballot according to our constitution; and that education is the only proper solution of the race question as it confronts us today.

Mine is a plea for justice and equality; my opponent's for injustice and inequality. The negative upholds freedom and progress; the affirmative, slavery

and degradation. I argue for education and civilization; my opponent for ignorance and barbarity.

If ours is the most righteous form of government in existence, as is our boast, it is so because, in the words of Archbishop Ireland, "it has vitally remained what Washington intended it to be, what an immortal Lincoln made it; namely, a government of the people, for the people, and by the people." And such it must remain, if it is to live and reign.

JOS. H. STEINBRUNNER, '05.



The Sanctuary Lamp.

LO! before the shrine
Where the Infant God in mercy sleeps,
A ruby lamp its ling'ring vigil keeps.
Now bathed in rays divine;
By angel hands now gently swung,
Its mellow rays upon the shrine are flung;
And e'er and anon it whispers low:
"Eternal burning,
Eternal glow;
Heaven and earth would thaw and melt
In the Almighty's glance;
Then Love and Heaven it would be,
To dwell below and be with Thee."

M. C. BODINE, '05.

Sammie's Story.

IT was a cold winter evening. Sitting in a spacious room known as the "Big Hall," hugging an old coal stove, some of my chums and I were tugging at our "French Briars" and discussing our doings. The hours were growing late and a drowsy sensation crept over us. To keep aloof this sleepy feeling our sober friend, Bob, murmured: "Sammie, old hoss, won't you please favor us with one of your old timers?"

Sammie did not hesitate, and immediately burst forth:

"It was a dreadful night; pallid lightning quivered at intervals amid the misty clouds, and the wind howled and screamed through the surrounding timber in queer trembling blights. A tremendous gale plowed up many mighty oaks and slippery elms, and the crash of falling timber was followed by an obscure quietude that increased the apprehensions of the hour.

"I understood not how I got there; I found myself in a large, gloomy dungeon, a small torch burning at the farthest point. Presently heads devoid of hair covered the floor and filled the air, some prancing and laughing with frightful stupidity, whilst others were absorbed in boisterous interviews. Their large, flappy ears served as wings, by means of which they softly treaded the suffocating atmosphere. By the livid effulgence of the torch I beheld a train of bob-tailed civets surrounded me, and keeping step with the noise of a well-worn drum, executed by a trinosed quadruped which resembled a gorilla. When within a pace from me, he clutched my neck with his powerful hairy grasp, forcing my eyes

to protuberate like two bubbles on a tar bucket. I could not stir, hardly breathe, and no one thereabouts to deliver me of my anguish. Claps of distant thunder now jarred the cavern, but my own throbbing heart overpowered every other sound. A thrill of obhorrence seized me; all the scaring remembrances of my boyhood days flitted across my mind.

"My attention was directed to some hideous creature who busied itself by plucking hair from my wearied pate, murmuring at the same time, "Son of misfortune, thy crop is too numerous." Whether my scalp or brain was forsaking me was an irksome task for me to discriminate. I grew weaker and weaker still—I lost entire control of my senses—my collapse seemed inevitable—I fell unconscious to the floor.

"When I awoke from that miserable dormancy the morn had broken forth in its grandest pomp, and the brilliant rays of the sun penetrated through a minute aperture of this secluded haunt. The same dreadful objects were still around me, more hideous than before. Instead of that despicable hair-picker was a withered old man, whose inflamed eyes and hollow cheeks presented a sight truly ferocious. In his right hand, with his sullen lips firmly closed, he held a short dagger, which he brandished with a ghastly smile. His black brows were matted together and anger darted from his apparitional eyes as he uttered in a guttural tone, "Child of evil, thy end is come."

"By a preternatural attempt, I sprang upon my legs and snatched a moving skull as an instrument of protection, but too late; his long, bony fingers had already encircled my throat. I produced a pitiful yawl; I was capsized with violent intentions, yet paralyzed with fear. An odious giddiness took possession of me; large drops of perspiration trickled down my forehead. Suddenly he vanished, leaving his deathlike gripe

around my lengthened neck, and conducting me in mid-air to the pinnacle of a steep knoll. Having directed me where he desired, he relieved me of that choking thirst by casting me headlong to be buried in the depths of the slushy vale."

The deep of night had crept upon his talk, and Sammie was compelled to discontinue his speech, as all his terrorized hearers dispersed, leaving him alone to complete his tale to the vacant walls.

EUGENE LONSWAY, '05.

Ave Maria.

THE evening chimes are gently pealing
Ave Maria!
The murmuring winds again repeating
Ave Maria!
From o'er the lea the sound has come
Of humble tasks already done;
To these in turn the chimes repeat
The greeting grown so heavenly sweet,
Ave Maria!

M. H., '06.



The St. Joseph's Collegian,

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR BY

The Students of St. Joseph's College.

SUBSCRIPTION, ONE DOLLAR PER ANNUM. 10c. PER COPY.

All letters and communications should be addressed: "THE COLLEGIAN,"
Collegeville, Ind.

Entered at the Post-Office, Collegeville, Ind., as second-class matter.

THE STAFF.

FELIX F. DIDIER, '04, EDITOR.

ROBERT J. HALPIN, '05, EXCHANGES.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

AURELIUS KOENIG, '04.

IGNATIUS WAGNER, '04.

EUGENE C. LONSWAY, '05.

MICHAEL BODINE, '05.

RICHARD SCHWIETERMANN, '05.

FELICIAN WACHENDORFER, '05.

ALBINUS SCHEIDLER, '05.

D. LAWRENCE MONAHAN, '06.

EDWARD PRYOR, '06.

MAURICE EHRLINGER, '06.

JOSEPH H. STEINBRUNNER, '05, BUSINESS MANAGER.

Editorials.

NOVEMBER, with its bright days, fair blue skies, and keen wintry blasts has again laid his chill hand upon nature, scattering her brown and red ornaments in magnificent profusion. Amid the beautiful scenes of autumnal nature and in the crisp, bracing air, one feels a vigor of body and a buoyancy of spirit that is unknown at any other time of the year. It is a delight to study in the warm, cozy room, and a delight as well to ramble and play in the open air.

FORTY thousand pilgrims from various parts of France and other states of Europe are said to have visited the famous grotto of Lourdes during the months of August and September. This exceeds the number of pilgrims of the two previous years by nearly one thousand. What an eloquent refutation of the slanderous attacks recently made by the French Masons concerning the authenticity of the Lourdes water! Evidently the faith has not gone out of the people. Honest pride wells up in the heart of every Catholic and every loyal Catholic Frenchman at this magnificent testimonial of faith to one of his country's most famous shrines. France is driving out her nuns and monks with almost diabolical anti-Catholic fury, but this wonderful exhibition of the people's faith and piety will yet bring her back to her duty and her God.



IT was the recorder's sad duty during the past month to chronicle the death of Archbishop Kain, of St. Louis. True to his mission upon this earth he died, breathing love and solicitude for the welfare of his flock. Like the true Shepherd his life was one of long toil and self-abnegation for his people. A noble soul, stern and severe in the performance of his duties, he was a most zealous laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. His wise and firm regulations tended to the promotion of good and the eradication of evil in his diocese. Numerous gambling dens, saloons and other haunts of vice and crime were despoiled of their victims by his prompt and vigorous action. A prominent characteristic of this great man's life was his ardent love for the Blessed Virgin and her favored prayer, the rosary. Many battles he had fought during life with this powerful weapon, and it was in October,

the month of the Holy Rosary, that he passed to his reward.



A LITTLE advice to the inexperienced debater may not be out of place. Do not make your first mistake in the choice of a subject. Choose one concerning which you have already sound general ideas; reflection and reading will provide additional information. This is stated because subjects are too often chosen of which the debaters entertain only vague notions, depending on books to supply the rest. This gives occasion to numerous misstatements and false arguments. Whole debates have been written and argument piled upon argument in proof of some point which had not the slightest bearing upon the question at issue. Such a thing can only be attributed to an inadequate comprehension of the subject. The debater must know his opponent's arguments. In fact, he must study his debate, that is, make himself familiar with both sides of the question. This was the secret of the success of Webster, Lincoln and Clay as orators and debaters.

Remember to adapt the composition to the audience. An audience as a rule, will not listen patiently to dry arguments but is pleased and captivated by striking analogies and oratorical climaxes. Arguments should be arranged in a sort of climax, the weaker ones preceding and serving as an introduction to the stronger. One single solid argument well proposed and clothed in forcible and convincing language will go further to win the debate than a host of them huddled together and exhibited in a weak and complex style.

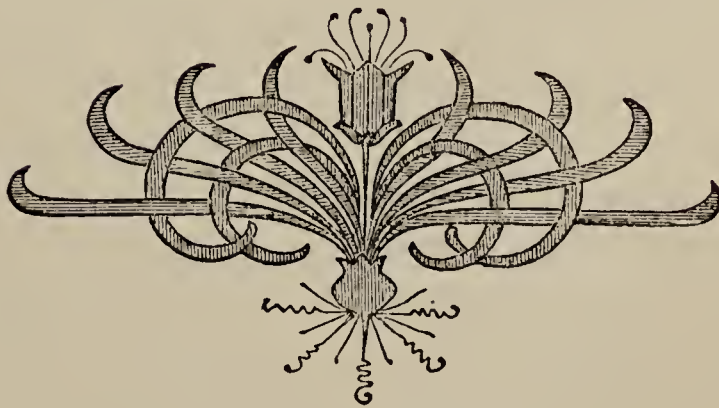
The rebuttal should be decisive and to the point, no new arguments should be allowed to enter into a

refutation. If, in the conclusion of a debate, the first speaker sees no occasion for refutation, as he has included his opponent's arguments in his own debate, he is not obliged, as some imagine, to get up and pass a few blundering remarks that spoil the effect of his previous address.

With a little concentration of mind and self-possession, however, he will be able to present his own arguments in more favorable light and lay bare the weak points of his opponent.



*WE ARE ALWAYS PREPARED
TO RECEIVE SUBSCRIPTIONS
FOR THE COLLEGIAN.*



Exchanges.

WITH the customary greenness of the inexperienced ex-man we set ourself to the task of perusing all our exchanges. After a few hours of weary plodding through valedictories and other commencement matter four months old, through essays mostly of mediocre merit, and stories which we would fain believe escaped the waste basket by the smallest fraction of an inch, we laid the rest aside for some sunny day in June when our temper will be less ruffled.

Not all our exchanges, however, are in the above category and one of the most notable exceptions is the *St. Mary's Chimes*. "If Portia Lived Today," though short, is in our opinion the best of the prose compositions. The writer's portrayal of modern Portia comes very near to our own ideas of how Shakespeare's great heroine would comport herself if she "lived today." "Creative Reading" is old matter presented in an original and attractive manner. The poetry of the *Chimes* is the best of the month. "David and the Well of Bethlehem" strikes a tone seldom reached in the verse of college journals. We miss the exchange column.

"Arthur's Vision," in the *Viatorian*, is an interesting and well-written story, the principal merit of which consists in the introduction of a feature rarely found in stories. Though in reality a sermon on the beauties of heaven it is presented so attractively that the sermonizing element does not display itself. We are at a loss to know how the "Gem of the Black Hills" escaped the waste basket. The exchange column is well-conducted and *Viatoriana* afford excellent food for laughter. "About Father Sheehan" is a very able

article, but as it is not from the pen of a student, it falls not within the pale of our criticism.

Our little friend from Canada, *The Bee*, seems to have entered upon the new year determined to reach the very zenith of college journalism. The October number would certainly warrant such high ambitions on the part of its editors, for it is one of the most interesting and best written journals of the month. "The Philosophy of History" is a most instructive and entertaining essay. The striking appropriateness of the words from Gray's *Elegy*, and the admirable tact with which they are woven in, make a happy impression on the mind of the reader. "My Impressions of Wordsworth's Poetry," from the pen of a sophomore, argues well for the future of *The Bee*. "My Conversion" is a fair story exemplifying the ex-man's idea that every story should contain a moral. The editorial and exchange columns, especially the latter, seem to have fallen into competent hands. The ex-man has ideals (most ex-men have in the beginning) which are really noble, but which, we fear, will experience some severe shocks before he lays aside his ex-manship.

The city of Rensselaer boasts of three papers, which are well edited. The *Republican* appears daily and semi-weekly, and the *Journal* and *Democrat* weekly. Each contains the news in readable form, but on questions of politics they differ, and for that reason we read them all so as to have all sides of the question.

R. HALPIN, '05.



With Publishers.

The Catholic Home Annual for 1904, by Benziger Bros., continues the first in rank among almanacs. The Almanac has slowly but surely found its way into the American home, and is now considered indispensable in good Catholic families. The information—astronomical data, various statistics, calendar of feast-days, ecclesiastical as well as civil, contained in the first few pages make it something of a pocket encyclopedia.

We find in it a fine portrait of our Holy Father Pius X. together with a sketch of his life, and a biography of Leo XIII. copiously illustrated. The account of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition with illustrations and a history of the country included in the famous Purchase is very interesting reading. The Almanac has its usual quota of fine stories, by Marion Ames Taggart, Rose Halley Clarke, Frances Maitland, Katharine Tyman Hinkson, and others.

There is an interesting account of Mlle. Le Gras, foundress of the Sisters of Charity; a history of Youghal Abbey; a description of Yellowstone Park; an article on Indian Missions; a review of the happenings in Church and state, and numerous others.

The articles are all splendidly illustrated, and many other full page illustrations enhance the appearance and value of the Annual. Published by Benziger Bros., 343 Main St., Cincinnati, O. Price, 25 cents.

Foreign Freemasonry, by D. Moncreif O'Conner, is the title of a pamphlet re-issued in this country by the Catholic Truth Society.

The pamphlet contains the most serious charges against the Order, which no one has thus far attempted to answer. The quotations from Masonic sources contained in the book leave no doubt whatever that the Society is the determined foe—the death foe—of Christianity in general and Catholicism in particular. Theirs is the “Church of Humanity destined to succeed all sects based on Faith and Theocratic authority.” “No more baptism, no more communion, no more confession, no more religious marriages, no more holy water in the hour of death; these (cries Brother Callopin) are the Bastiles to seize.”

We might multiply quotations of this kind—official and unofficial utterances—*ad nauseam*, but we will refrain.

European Freemasonry may be judged in the light of recent events in Italy and France, where they are making a most brazen attempt to root out religion and undermine the morals.

It is true that the Masonic lodges of England and the United States severed their connection with the Grand Orient of France and lodges in its obedience, when the latter at the Grand Assembly held at Paris on September 14, 1877, revised the constitution so as to admit pagans as well as Christians, but that the connection is not entirely broken appears from communications addressed to Masons in this country by the Grand Master Adriano Lemmi.

The Free Masons of this country are on the whole fair-minded and excellent men, who have organized primarily for a fraternal and benevolent purpose, but they should lose no time in repudiating openly and publicly the doctrines and practices of their European confrères.

We have received a copy of the *Proceedings of the Third National Convention* of the American Federa-

tion of Catholic Societies, held at Atlantic City, August 1st to 5th, 1903.

A perusal of this booklet will acquaint one with the end and aims of this association. It is sought by means of this federation of Catholic Societies to bring Catholics into closer union and to interest the laity in the great work which awaits the Church at the present time. It is plain that such a union is desirable and productive of good results.

Questions of vital and general interest are brought to the notice of all, and action upon them is facilitated. The interests of the Church can thus be better protected and a virile and active Catholicity is encouraged.

"St. Cuthbert's" is the title of a new book by the author of "Harry Russel, a Rockland College Boy," which will be published this month. The success of Father Copus' first book is an evidence that he has caught the fancy of the young readers of the country. The second book for our young people by this gifted author is intended to be the first of the series of three which relate the various experiences of students at St. Cuthbert's College.

Father Copus knows the workings of the boy's mind as few authors know it, and he gives the reader his experience. There are no long disquisitions on character and character-building, yet the reader is unconsciously imbibing correct ideas in this regard while at the same time he is absorbingly interested.

The readers of "Harry Russel" will await the appearance of this new book with impatience. It is published by Benziger Bros., New York, Cincinnati and Chicago, and will be sent postpaid on receipt of 85 cents.

Society Notes.

C. L. S. In the regular meeting, held October 4th, the following gentlemen after successfully passing the required examination were admitted into the Society: Messrs. J. O'Donnell, J. McCarthy, C. Fisher, E. Vurpillat, C. Boeke, F. Gribba, D. Fitzgerald, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, I. Weis, H. Grube, F. Kocks, A. Linneman, C. Kloeters, J. Seimetz, H. Fuertges, A. Michaely, J. Grimmer.

The roll-call of the Columbians at present is larger than ever before. With this strong force of intelligent young men we expect to present some interesting programs.

The Society began its regular rendition of semi-monthly programs October 2d. The following was the program as presented:

Piano Solo—"Carnival of Venice" (Schulhoff),

Rev. A. Weyman

Recitation—"The Lesson of the Mill"Mr. A. Schaefer

Essay—"The Character of Napoleon" ..Mr. F. Wachendorfer

Comic Recitation—"The Old Man and Jim" ..Mr. J. Sullivan

Piano Solo—"Hiawatha"Rev. A. Weyman

Debate—"Resolved, That a Private Education is Prefer-

able to a Public Education",

Aff., Mr. R. Rath; Neg., Mr. B. Quell

A Comedy in one Act,

Messrs. E. Freiburger, J. Bryan, A. Sutter.

Judging from the rendition of the above program the C. L. S. will maintain the high standard of former years. All the participants showed great interest and delivered their selections with success. Special thanks and praise are due to our Rev. Spiritual Director, P. Arnold, for the rendition of his choice selections in music.

In compliance with the time-honored custom of rendering a literary program on Columbus Day evening, the following was presented:

Music—"Hail Columbia" College Band
 Inaugural Address—"Spanish Missions"..... Mr. R. Halpin
 Dramatic Recitation—"Maclaine's Child"..... Mr. Ig. Wagner
 Recitation—"The One-Legged Goose"..... Mr. E. Lonsway
 Piano Solo—"Les Huguenots" (Meyerbeer-Smith),

Rev. A. Weyman

Debate—"Resolved, That the Fifteenth Amendment to the
 Constitution of the United States Should Be Re-
 pealed" . . . Aff., Mr. A. Koenig; Neg., Mr. Jos. Steinbrunner
 "The Columbian Paper"..... Editor Mr. V. Meagher
 Music—"Dunlap Commandery"..... College Band
 Farce—"They All Get 'em",
 Messrs. M. Bodine, E. Pryor, M. O'Conner, R. Schwietermann

The program was a great success. The participants were equal to the occasion and showed great self-possession in delivery. It was admitted on all sides that the efforts of Ig. Wagner, E. Lonsway and Jos. Steinbrunner were among the very best ever made on our stage in dramatic and comic declamation and oratory.

Excerpted scenes from Shakespeare and a comedy in Latin of Plautus will be presented by the Columbians on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. We hope to have the pleasure of a visit from some of our graduates and former Columbians on that day.

A. L. S. The Aloysian Literary Society rendered the following private program, October 4: Declamation, N. Allgeier; recitation, G. Ruppert; select reading, H. Friess; recitation, L. Bergman; comic narrative, E. Howe; dialogue, "Farmer and Agent," P. Miller and J. Weber. The Aloysians intend to appear in public November 15th. May success attend their efforts.

S. J. C. B. Tuesday, October 6th, the familiar call

of "fall in" was resounding everywhere. The students acquainted with military tactics straightened up to appear like Uncle Sam's old-timers. Some indeed had long faces, as if to ask "What for?"

The battalion was divided into three companies as follows: Company "A" in charge of Adjutant B. Quell; Company "B" to be drilled by Capt. N. Keller, and Company "C" captained by M. Shea. So far the weather has been quite favorable and the companies drilled out doors. With Maj. R. Halpin as commander the various companies will certainly do efficient work. A competitive drill will be held in the near future. Let everybody try his best to gain the rank of officer.

JOS. H. STEINBRUNNER, '05.



Athletics.

WITH the advent of fall comes the revival of basket ball. A new field has been prepared and nothing is lacking to make the game a success. This is our second year at the game, nevertheless, we have players of no mean ability among us. The different classes are requested to form teams and a schedule will be forthcoming.

Bowling as usual has its many adherents. The alleys have been well kept so far and some fair scores have been made during the past month. Among the best are Bryan 199, Halpin 168, O'Donnell 166, Quinlan 158, whilst many others have come up to the 150 mark. Class teams have not yet been formed, but when the cold weather comes we may look for these.

On Sunday, October 25, Capt. Rainey trotted his miniature team to the field to meet Capt. Weber's aggregation. The game was interesting and closely contested. The result was 16 to 5 in favor of Weber. The laurels of Weber's team must be given to Saccone, for he played a strong game. The others who distinguished themselves are Weber and Ben Hoerstman whose weight played havoc on the fragile line of Capt. Rainey. For the latter, Fries, Rainey and Kaib played a splendid game.

Touch downs: Saccone 2, Weber 1, Kaib 1. Goal: Weber 1. Referee, Steinbrunner. Time of halves, twenty minutes.

D. L. MONAHAN, '06.

With the Old Boys.

Mr. E. Wills, '03, our genial editor of last year, is pursuing his studies in law at the University of Ann Arbor. Mr. Wills' numerous friends have no doubt that he will be eminently successful in his profession.

Rev. E. Mungovan, '97, one of our earliest and best remembered graduates, is stationed at St. Patrick's, Ft. Wayne. Father Mungovan is as popular in his new field as at St. Joseph's.

Rev. William Sullivan, '97, well remembered as a prominent member of the Columbian Society, and former editor of THE COLLEGIAN, is assistant to Father Roche at the Cathedral, Ft. Wayne, Ind. We wonder whether Father Sullivan has heard of our cozy sanctum which is the delight of the editors. He ought to come and inspect it.

We were much grieved to learn of the death of Edmund Ley, Com., '02, who was called to his reward in September at a hospital in Cleveland, Ohio, whither he had gone to undergo an operation for appendicitis. Edmund is well remembered at the college as a good and faithful student, and his fellow-students and friends will certainly not neglect to pray for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

The Peele boys, who are favorably remembered at the college, are meeting with much success in business. Robert is collector for *Collier's Weekly*, and Maurice is in the insurance business.

Raymond Holthouse is earning a good salary as clerk with a mining company in Colorado. His brother Louis is assisting his father in the management of their large business at Decatur, Ind.

Otto and Anselm Bremerkamp are doing well at the same place.

Personals.

St. Joseph's greeted the following visitors during the past month:

Very Rev. B. Russ, C. PP. S., Carthagen, O.; Rev. Bernard Dickman, C. PP. S., Ft. Recovery, O.; Rev. Alphonse Laux, C. PP. S., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. Anselm Schmid, C. PP. S., New Riegel, O., and Rev. Anthony Dick, C. PP. S., Logansport, Ind.

Messrs. Frank and George Hasser, Fowler, Ind.; Mr. Saul Conn, Winamac, Ind.; Mr. Henry Kunkel, Mr. Peter Sanderell, Victoria, O.; Mr. and Mrs. Ar-rigo with their daughter Margareth, Chicago, Ill.; Miss Anna Caesar, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. Sophia Ruppert and children, Reynolds, Ind.; Mrs. Smith, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. John Ohleyer and Mrs. Katherine Ohleyer, Indianapolis, Ind.

Father Nicholas Welsh, our instructor in the Normal Course, has been obliged to relinquish his classes temporarily on account of an ailment of his throat. Father Nicholas is staying at a sanitarium in Rome City where we earnestly hope he will find speedy relief. His classes are now taught by some of the other professors who were formerly in charge of them.

A. Z. SCHEIDLER, '05.

Gleanings.

Steiny, how is "business?"

A limit: "Don't go further than the nine-pin alley."

"Get up when the bell rings if you care for any breakfast."

"There was a man named Michael
He rode round the earth on a cycle;
But when he came back
His legs were quite slack:
Such is the fate of Don Michael.

D. L. M.

"Give me a match to light the electricity."

Mike in Greek: "Ain't sleepy supposed to read according to sense?"

Tony to Joco: "If you shoot me with that air-gun I'll keep the bullet."

Frei says he would like foot-ball, if he would not have to run or tackle.

Donahue still affirms that with a little practice he can easily mock a mocking bird.

Obituary: Died suddenly, Allspice and Doolittle for want of something to eat.

G.: "Why don't some people get more common names?"

Pryor: "Because common names are not proper."

Maurice to Victor: "Can you think poetically with your hat on?"

Vic.: "Certainly, all poetry begins in the hat."

Teddy to Prefect: "Father, I have two classes written up on the program, conduct and application. I didn't take them so far, but I'll take them if you give me the books.

"You might as well try to fatten a wind-mill by running oats through it as to fill that punctured football."

Astronomy: A star is in conjunction when it is perpendicular to the horizontal diameter of the parallax to the elliptic of the milky way crossing the nodes of the moon.

Sing, my soul, the Muses strain,
As I rack my wearied brain;
On the coals fresh incense heap
While my fancy I do sweep.

Rimes are few and far between,
Of feet none can as yet be seen;
And since in yards I cannot write,
I better put this out of sight.

Matthew, Cant I, Ver. I and II.

What time is it when the clock strikes three and the hands clap for rising?

If acorns were apples everybody would make a dive for the woods.

Accidentally omitted in the last number: The R. S. C. met and organized Wednesday, September 9th, as usual. Election of officers took place, and as a result Robert Halpin was made president, and M. O'Conner was entitled to the remaining offices.

The number of students has increased by three since the beginning of September, Masters Herbert Gallagher, Herbert Miller and Benjamin Hoerstman having joined our ranks. Mr. Hoerstman attended St. Joseph's some years ago but has reassumed his studies again this year.

Ed. Barnard being asked why he was in such a hurry with his new hat, said: "Well, I guess I want to wear it before fashion changes again." Jolly Ed is

general factotum on the lawn this year, and is taking care of the "old wheelbarrow, shovel and spade." He keeps the rust off of them all right.

Fidelis came limping along with a medium-sized box on his shoulders. Flavian quickly ran to his assistance. Fidelis put the box down to take a rest, when Flavian out of curiosity raised the lid. Just then a gust of wind blew turkey feathers all over the yard. Fidelis smiled. Flavian laughed.

Razors and bristles are bitter enemies, John.

The foot-ball players of this season have as yet played very little. This can be explained to some extent by the fact that those who have permission do not want to play, and those who wish to play have no permission.

An out-door basket-ball court has been put up to the north of St. Cecelia's Hall and is now open to all lovers of the sport. It is hoped that the game as an amusement and healthful exercise will prove more successful and not so short-lived as its rival, foot-ball, since it is very interesting and not so dangerous to life and limb of the participants.

Ben: "Why is the flag-pole left in such a crooked condition?"

Willibald: "It attracts more attention. When it was straight nobody looked at it, but now since it is crooked, everybody stops to look at it."

"When my wandering eyes I cast
O'er my nearest neighbor's head,
I see him sitting all aghast,
And hear him wish that he were dead.

And when I with kindest grace
The reasons for such anguish seek,
Amid contortions of his face
I hear him say, "It's that darned Greek."

R. H.

Since last writing some changes have been made in the gym. Things have been put in repair and some new fixtures added. Now watch the herculean gymnasts we shall develop.



Honorary Mention.

The names of those students that have made 95-100 per cent in conduct and application during the last month appear in the first paragraph. The second paragraph contains the names of those that reached 90-95 per cent.

95-100 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, I. Wagner, B. Alt, F. Didier, E. Lonsway, J. Steinbrunner, B. Quell, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, A. Schaefer, F. Wachendorfer, A. Scheidler, W. Scheidler, R. Schwierterman, M. O'Connor, E. Pryor, M. Shea, J. Sullivan, B. Wellman, M. Ehleringer, V. Meagher, J. Becker, R. Rath, C. Frericks, N. Allgeier, C. Boeke, C. Fischer, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, F. Gribba, N. Keller, J. McCarthy, I. Collins, O. Hentges, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, J. Costello, G. Meier, J. Seimetz, M. Schumacher, E. Olberding, A. Scherrieb, P. Wiese, J. Boland, H. Fuertges, J. Grimmer, E. Haab, E. Hasser, E. Neumeier, L. Hildebrand, L. Kaib, A. Michaely, E. Ernest, N. Weinkauf, W. Coffeen, J. Bultinck, U. Reitz, J. Ramp, B. Hoerstman, H. Dahlinghaus, F. Moorman, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, B. Schmitz, A. Sutter, J. Von der Haar, A. Birkmeier, H. Fries, P. Gase, J. Saccone, M. Bryan, E. Mauntel, G. Ohleyer, J. Weber.

90-95 PER CENT.

L. Monahan, T. Quinlan, J. Bryan, J. O'Donnell, E. Vurpillat, M. Lang, J. Miller, B. Condon, L. Nageleisen, A. Teehan, T. Coyne, P. Miller, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, J. Donohue, P. Caesar.

CLASS WORK.

90-100 PER CENT.

I. Wagner, J. Steinbrunner, R. Halpin, M. Bodine, F. Wachendorfer, L. Monahan, E. Pryor, B. Wellman, V. Mea-

gher, O. Knapke, C. Frericks, C. Boeke, F. Gribba, I. Collins, F. May, H. Grube, I. Weis, A. Linneman, C. Kloeters, R. Beck, P. Peiffer, J. Seimetz, E. Olberding, P. Wiese, B. Condon, J. Boland, J. Grimmer, L. Kaib, L. Nageleisen, E. Neumeier, A. Teehan, W. Lieser, W. Meiering, F. Moorman, L. Huelsman, J. Lieser, H. Fries, P. Gase, J. Donohue.

84-90 PER CENT.

A. Koenig, B. Alt, F. Didier, A. Schaefer, A. Scheidler, R. Schwieterman, M. O'Connor, R. Rath, M. Helmig, N. Allgeier, C. Fischer, D. Fitzgerald, E. Freiburger, J. O'Donnell, F. Kocks, E. Vurpillat, O. Hentges, J. Costello, E. Howe, M. Schumacher, A. Scherrieb, A. Michaely, E. Ernst, W. Coffeen, T. Coyne, U. Reitz, J. Bultinck, E. Spornhauer, J. Ramp, B. Hoerstman, H. Dahlinghaus, A. Sutter, J. Von der Haar, B. Schmitz, L. Bergman, E. Hasser, P. Miller, G. Ohleyer, L. Sulzer.



Boys, make it a point to patronize the firms that advertise in this journal. They are all known in their line for reliability and fair dealing.